

The Evening World

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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904.....10,652 1/2

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The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903.....8,285 1/2

Increase.....2,367

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

FUTILE SPEED MANIA.

If the Long Island automobile race had been attended by no fatalities to point the warning of its dangerous recklessness the record of minor mishaps during the event would serve to prove the foolhardiness of the "sport." Speed trials of machines which develop broken gear-shafts, "buckled" steering-gear and other mechanical defects and reveal tires bursting or slipping off under the lateral strain of "skidding," show limitations of perfect construction in which, under the stress of high speed, lie grave risks of serious disaster. In view of the number of the lesser accidents, in all of which there was the possibility of a tragedy, the surprise must be that the Arena fatality was the worst development of the day.

But in what has the contest profited any one concerned to balance accounts with the life lost, the property interests injured and the contempt of public sentiment exhibited. It has been a costly county holiday for the amusement of a few enthusiasts and the advertising advantage of one manufacturer. The only tangible good to be derived from it by the public will come from its probable effect in influencing legislation for the repeal of the existing legal warrant permitting the confiscation of the State's highways for the misuse of speed mania.

The race has sufficiently demonstrated its dangers to life and detriment to the general welfare to make its repetition impossible in New York.

THE DEADLY THIRD RAIL.

The third rail on the Third Avenue line of the Manhattan elevated, added another to its formidable list of victims on Saturday. Henry Walsh, a carpenter, slipped as he was crossing the tracks and his foot came in contact with the charged rail. "There was a puff of smoke, a flash," and Walsh fell dead. The recent record of like casualties on this line includes a track repairer and a car carpenter killed, two workmen badly burned and six painters severely shocked. On the Sixth Avenue line a workman touching the deadly rail with a crowbar was paralyzed. On the Ninth Avenue line a passenger falling to the tracks and grasping the exposed rail for support was killed.

These are incidental extracts from a list of fatal or serious accidents caused by the third rail which annually grows larger. Last November, following the alarming frequency of accidents on the Brooklyn elevated, there was a fruitless agitation of the question of third-rail safeguards.

It is perfectly feasible to remove this source of danger by covering the live rail with a "hood" and providing for electrical contact through a shoe touching the side of the rail instead of the top. Such a protective device has been installed on the subway road with success. Why not on the "L"?

LOCAL TRANSIT AND LOWER FARES.

Three-cent fares on local transit lines were the burden of a short talk in the Sunday World by Charles A. Lieb, an engineer well known in railway circles. Mr. Lieb spoke good business sense for transit companies and people too.

The engineer regards the three-cent fare as an inevitable consequence of the proposed Manhattan Transit Company's automobile omnibus service, in which passengers will pay according to the distances travelled. Under this system there will be fares running as low as two cents.

Policy might, however, move the trolley and "L" road managements to reduce rates even without the compulsion of competition. At least, there would be abundant profit in the six-tickets-for-a-quarter system which Mr. Lieb recommends out of his own experience and observation; for there would be for consideration from the managements' selfish viewpoint not only the number of purchased tickets that would inevitably be lost, or remain unused, but the fact as well that persons with "bargain" tickets are apt to be more liberal riders than the constant payers of spot cash.

It surely cannot be much longer an axiom in metropolitan street railroading that if the companies will extort the nickels the dividend dollars will take care of themselves.

THE AUTO THAT DOESN'T STOP.

"The auto never stopped." Such is the concluding sentence of the news report of a night smash-up in Riverside Drive. An automobile bumped into a survey and turned it over, hurting four people and scaring a horse into a fatal runaway. But "the auto never stopped."

Now, no one believes, or wants to believe, that the majority of the persons who exercise with horseless vehicles belong to a class utterly reckless or hopelessly irresponsible. But nobody is doing more to lay the foundations for such a belief and to delay a full public reconciliation to the idea of running locomotives in the open streets than the chauffeur who does a mischief with his machine and then runs away.

In such a case as this on the Drive—and there have been many similar cases—the facts that the automobile has a number and the driver has a license count for nothing. No one had a chance in the Riverside overturning to see either the number or the man at the lever. Where, then, are we to look for a remedy for the smash-and-run disorder unless there can be a general stirring-up of auto drivers to a sense of their obligations to others on the road?

In the interests of their responsible membership, can the associated automobilists do no missionary work against the cowardly of the irresponsible?

Now It's the Kiss in Politics.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A STATE Senator of Montana, now a candidate for re-election, has been accused of kissing a young woman against her will, and as a result of the indiscretion, leading newspapers are said to have withdrawn their support from him, fellow-candidates have threatened to resign if he remains on the ticket, and the success of the Republican party in the State is seriously menaced. And all for a kiss, "the rose dot on the lip of adoration," the "brush of a bee's wing that makes time eternal," as our old friend Cyrano has it, which every man admits is just a little sweeter for being stolen.

Needless to say, this is not the first time that the kiss has figured prominently as a political issue. The most notable instance, perhaps, of its political significance is that of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, who, electorally for Charles James Fox, offered her rosy lips to grimy voters as an inducement to support her candidate.

But while a kiss given willingly may help a man to popular favor it appears that the stolen variety may wreck his political ruin. It is sometimes happens that it is really difficult to discriminate between a willing and an unwilling kiss. And what is a poor candidate for office to do then?

Very often, indeed, the girl herself scarcely knows.

Kipling, to be sure, has laid down a pretty safe rule in one of his many wise "Maxims of Hilda":

My son, if the maiden deny thee, and scoldingly bid thee give o'er.

Yet lip meet with lip at the last word, be warned, she has been "yes" saying. They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose, who are lacking in love. But alas, not all politicians, particularly of the Montana brand, know their Kipling as well as they might if they were aware that it is scattered with such pearls of wisdom.

It is only the unusually foolish man who ever asks a woman if he may kiss her. I remember the weary scorn with which a very pretty chorus girl once said to me of a young American millionaire, "He's the kind of fellow that sits around with his mouth open, drops his hat three or four times and then says, 'Oh—ah—I beg your pardon—but may I kiss you?'"

But how, asks the novice, unless he asks can he find out? He certainly can never find out by asking. I remember reading somewhere an epigram that seemed to contain the final wisdom on this subject of kissing:

"Many a man is still wondering if he dares long after a girl has stopped wondering why he didn't."

Any man with ordinary sense can tell, and only a conceited fool or a cad, who really doesn't care, is apt to blunder.

There is a certain kind of man, however, to whom the girl's willingness to be kissed seems to be a matter of perfect indifference. I knew one of this type, who literally bored a pretty girl in whom he was really not particularly interested into telling him to kiss her. For six months circumstances "threw" them more or less constantly together, and during that time he never missed an opportunity of saying when he had a half second alone with her, "Let me kiss you, please."

The girl was at first amused and then disgusted. Finally one afternoon the man's budding became so ridiculously absurd that she threw up her veil, lifted her head and with an expression of mingled rage and exasperation exclaimed: "Oh, well then! There!"

To a sensitive person her manner would have been an insult. But to him the kiss thrown as one might a dime to a winning beggar, doubtless seemed a grand triumph. Nevertheless it was really more effective than any amount of refusals, for he never annoyed her again.

But for one genuinely unwilling kiss of this description there are a hundred that the recipients don't expect perhaps, but would nevertheless be sorry not to have received.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

No. 17 State Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where is the Russian Consulate in New York City?
Mr. N.

No. Two Different Varieties.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it true that if you take a common willow twig and stick it in the soil it will grow up as a weeping willow, or is there a difference of species between the common willow and the weeping willow?
C. K.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it a breach of etiquette to type write other than business letters, such as letters from a young lady to a gentleman friend?
CAROLYN M.

Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Or what day did Oct. 22 fall in 1886?
F. J. F.

Pell-Mell! Once in Two Months.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
How are the words "pell-mell" pronounced? Does "bi-monthly" mean twice a month or every two months?
JACK.

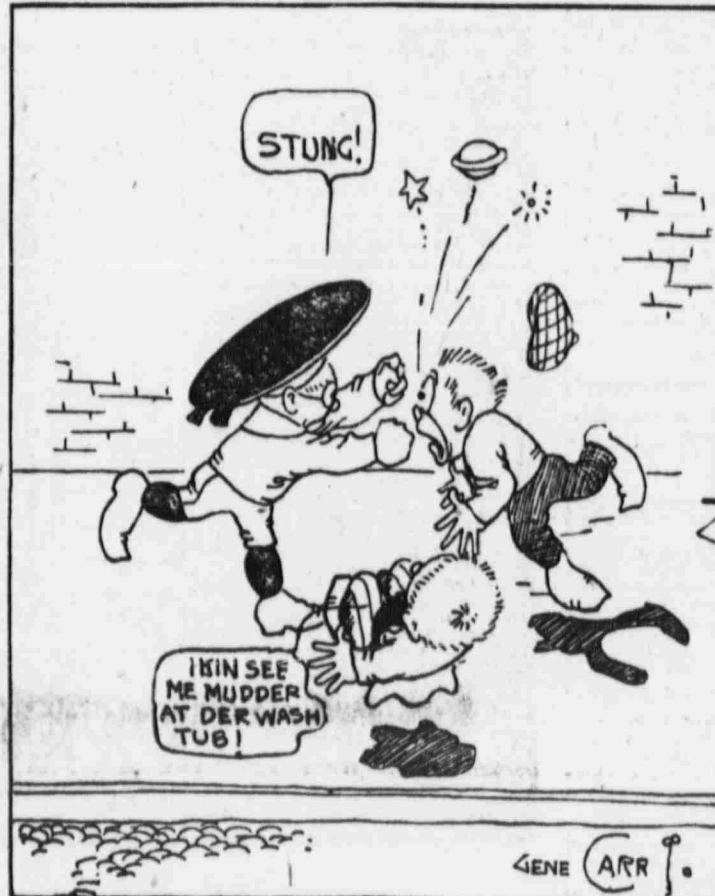
Bride Should Provide It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Should the bride buy her wedding dress or should the groom buy it?
L. W.

A new and thrilling romantic serial, "The Sorceress," based upon Victorian Sardou's great play, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to appear here, will begin in The Evening World of Thursday, Oct. 13.

Willie Wise & The Brainy Kid Turns the Tables.

This Time When He Butts In Somebody Else Is Stung.



Mary Jane Couldn't Find the Nails.

But She Found Something Better, and Dad Had to Wait.



The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Nobody Knows What Temptation
Until It Has at Least Once
Thrown Him Down.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that a yo in Massachusetts has been left a bequest of \$10,000 if he keeps off booze and tobacco until he is twenty-five years old."

"If he gets the ten thousand bucks in a lump at the expiration of the enforced water wagon and smokes perlon," replied the Man Higher Up, "he will have beautiful thirst and a grand foundation for a house, for a man who gets to be twenty-five without feeling for bar rail with his right foot has a good show to a pass on the Neal Dow and Little Robert Reed line."

"However, if the boy was born with an appetite for eye and the filthy weed, \$10,000 won't look any bigger him than the assets of a shoestring peddler. There men every day throwing away more than \$10,000 because they can't keep away from the signboard that pol bur-ward."

"Whenever you see a man who don't touch the st you can make up your mind that he either don't like or that he is afraid of it. No man is afraid of it up after it has thrown him down, stamped on his stomach and stung him for fair. Upon emerging from such experience a feeling of being afraid, combined with will like the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge, will keep man in the blue ribbon class until the finish."

"You can take off your hat to a guy of that sort the individual who has no more use for booze than a girl with a sweetheart has for onions don't make of a bit with the people who hear him when he his chest and calls attention to himself. Let us hope the boy with the legacy was born with an instir sidestep a deer sign and take a chill in the proxin a wooden Indian. Then let us hope that he wot telling everybody how strong his graft is."

"They say," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "there is only a bare chance of a man getting good key when he lifts it over a bar."

"Well," replied the Man Higher Up, "I'm willi take a chance if you are."

Good Luck Storiottes.

The Silver Side of Mr. Davis's Cloud.

THE skies were not exactly bright for Henry Davis. To be sure, the fragrant honeysuckle hung in gossamer clusters about the trim little suburban home the birds twittered gayly in the trees and Mrs. Davis busied about with a song on her lips and love in her heart. But all these welcome conditions could not close Henry's eyes to the fact that he had almost drawn his last dollar out of the bank, and that he was out of work.

"Don't worry," said Henry's comforting and cheerful wife. "Every dark cloud has a silver lining."

THE great metropolis was wide awake. Brilliant sunshine was flooding its busy thoroughfares, and on them, like so many ants, moved men and animals in the daily battle for existence.

The hum was incessant, the roar at times deafening, the whirl confusing.

Henry Davis sat upon a park bench stiff and sore, more than a week he had searched the city for work, in vain.

No one needed a bookkeeper.

His last dollar was now gone.

He fought against telling his wife the true state of affairs.

Suddenly a whirling gust of wind brought a newspaper flying pages open against him.

Mechanically Davis clutched it.

For a long time he sat thus. Then to relieve his aching mind he began to look over the paper. It was The World.

Eventually he reached the "Want" columns, and there with eager eyes:

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, a bookkeeper; one familiar with the silk industry preferred; good pay to right man. Address Box 24 World.

"Do you know," said Henry Davis to his wife a week later, "that when fortune seems unkindest she often kindest?"

"Didn't I tell you that every cloud has a silver lining?" replied Mrs. Davis, as she fondly kissed her husband.

"What if that gust of wind hadn't blown the morning World in my direction? I would never have obtained this position."

"You would have found another, for sooner or later would have learned the value of The World as a 'Want' medium."

Measuring Brides.

It is said that every year brides are measured for legs at St. Cyrus, a quaint little village in Kincardineshire, Scotland, on the brink of the German Ocean. The story is that more than fifty years ago a native of the village, had been a paymaster-general of the Indian army, quothed a sum of money, the interest of which was, for time coming, to be disbursed in five equal parts every year. One part was for the purchase of meat for the poor, the remainder was set aside to be divided among each year four conspicuous brides—the oldest, the youngest, the tallest and the shortest—who were married in St. Cyrus parish church. The administration of the fund is in the hands of the parish minister, and unhappy at times is his task, for the jealousies which arise among the competitors, there is keen rivalry for these legacies, which amount hardly more than \$20 each; but that is quite an important sum in so remote and simple a village. All St. Cyrus turns out on "Bride Measuring Day," and the occasion is made a holiday.

Voice Strange to Owner.

That a man does not hear his own voice as all the rest of the world hears it is shown by an interesting experiment described by Dr. L. Laloy in La Nature, of Paris. Says the writer:

"If a person records on a phonograph a few sentences pronounced by himself, together with others by his friends and causes the machine to reproduce these after a brief time, it generally happens that he easily recognizes his friends' voices, but not his own. On the other hand, the friends recognize his voice perfectly. This singular fact proves that every one hears his own voice differently from others."

Fishing by Telephone.

A Norwegian has invented a queer way of finding where the fish are. A microphone, which is an instrument that will catch and transmit the least little bit of sound, is lowered into the water from a fishing smack, and a from it leads to a telephone aboard the boat. Now, when herring, codfish and mackerel schools number thousands of thousands of fish, their passage through the water naturally causes a rushing sound, which may be heard by the fishermen at the telephone, and thus they are enabled to lower their nets at the right time and in the right place.